

More Than Words

by Yondaime Namikaze

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Pairings: Hiccup/Astrid

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-09-11 06:03:24

Updated: 2016-04-12 05:57:09

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:00:32

Rating: K+

Chapters: 10

Words: 10,716

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It was only natural that two of the most stubborn Vikings on Berk would disagree on some things, but Hiccup would always forgive Astrid easily. However, after yet another argument with his wife, Hiccup tells Astrid that she must find another way to apolog

1. Grounded! The Fight

Wellâ€¦I had some downtime, so I decided to type up a story that I'd started handwriting last year. I know what you're all probably saying. "Why are you starting another HTTYD story when you're already writing, like, four other ones?" Excellent question. The answer is that I didn't have my notes or already-started chapters from the other ones available when I started typing this one. Rest assured that no ongoing HTTYD story will be forgotten aboutâ€¦well, maybe Wheel, butâ€¦I'm just kidding!

This story is based on the song by Extreme. It's probably not going to be too long. Like "Skies", this one was originally going to be a one-shot. Unlike "Skies", though, I do not have the outline for this one completely thought out just yet, so just be aware of that. That said, please enjoy this new story "More Than Words".

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: Grounded! The Fight

"Hiccup, I'm fine! You don't have to do this!"

"No, Astrid, I do. I've already told you. This discussion is over. You are grounded and Stormfly will understand."

"She most certainly will not! What if I grounded you!? How would Toothless feel?"

"Unlike Stormfly, Toothless cannot fly on his own. Trust me, Stormfly will be just fine by herself for a few months."

Astrid huffed, annoyed by her husband's overprotective nature. "You are impossible!" Without another word, she retreated up the stairs to the bedroom they shared, a room that had once been Hiccup's aloneâ€|well, his and Toothless's.

Hiccup could already feel the headache starting. Grasping his pained forehead, he took a seat in the chair that had once been his father's favorite. He remembered how the former Chief had filled the chair completely. Though Hiccup had grown taller, he remained lean and lanky, a bit more muscular now than in his teen years, but not much more. The oversized chair dwarfed the current Chief.

From the corner, a dark shadow shifted. Normally, one might miss the movement, but Hiccup had years of experience and noticed the black shape move to sit by his chair. Toothless had sensed a discomfort in his rider. Looking into his rider's eye, the once-feared Night Fury cooed with worry.

Bringing his hand down to run it across the dragon's black scales, Hiccup answered, "It's nothing, Bud. I'm fine." From the barrel beside the chair, Hiccup produced an iceblock. Placing the block of ice on his forehead, he felt instant relief. "I just don't understand, Toothless," he muttered, but the dragon's advanced senses could hear. "How did my father manage this? Between being Chief and leading a familyâ€|Gods, I feel much older than I actually am. Toothless, I am certain that my father was put in this same situation at one time, that he was a new Chief caring for my mother (also a headstrong woman like Astrid), while she was with child, preparing for my birth. Why is it that I can't be as successful as my father? Am I still useless?"

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Upstairs, Astrid lay on her side of the bed she shared with her husband. Husbandâ€|still it felt strange to call Hiccup that. "Husband" was a blissful word and, as strange as it was to call Hiccup that, she was glad that she couldâ€|even on days such as this one.

Astrid hated fighting with Hiccup. She loved him very much, but they both had stubbornness issues (as was common for the majority of Berk's Vikings) and they often found themselves butting heads with each other. It had been all too common recently and Astrid guessed the baby had something to do with the change in the homely atmosphere.

Automatically, her hands went to her slightly protruding stomach. The village healers who tended to her medical needs had recently told her that she was quite small for being almost halfway through her carriage of the heir. "Apparently," they had joked, "the heir will also be small, just like his or her parents."

As excited as Astrid felt, she was also nervous. Her mother had told her a few months ago that it was common for new mothers to worry excessively while with child but this was different. Astrid's mother had never had the added pressure of carrying Berk's heir. Perhaps this nervousness also had a role to play in heightening her already

quick temper.

"He can't ground me! I'm not Snotlout! Who does Hiccup think he is! I don't care if he's Chief or Berk Dragon Academy Leader or Dragon Conqueror or whatever title he wants to use today! He has no right!" she muttered, still seething from their argument.

Sighing, Astrid felt the rising anger start to slip away. "He is right, though," she told herself. "If anything was to happen to the baby, our babyâ€¦I wouldn't be able to live knowing that it had been my fault. Still I'm barely even showing and my stomach isn't getting in my way. Besides, it's not like the baby's evenâ€¦"

Her words were halted as she felt a sensation unlike any she'd ever experienced. Her eyes drifted down. The movement had stopped. Could she have just imagined it? That would beâ€¦No! There it was again! More definite and sure this time. "Movingâ€¦," she muttered, finishing her prior thought, her hands fluttering down to feel the wonderful movement of new life inside her. "The baby's moving! I have to tell Hiccup!"

* * *

><p>I knowâ€¦this chapter is super short. I made the mistake of handwriting this chapter so it looked longer than it actually was. Also, I apologize if this story is not as well-written as some of my other stories. This one I started writing last year and I've barely looked at it since.

Once again, I have little idea of where this story is going to go and what will happen in it. Trying something new where I don't rigorously plan out every minute detail before posting.

That said, I'll see you again when I see you. Hope you enjoyed this first chapter.

**Posted: September 10, 2014
>

2. No Words

Wellâ€¦I can honestly say that I was not expecting this story to be so widely read. I hope that you all continue to enjoy the story.

Looks like chapters will be pretty short in this story compared to some of my other stories.

Review Replies:

faisyah865: Yes, they most definitely do. We'll be seeing a lot of that in this story.

Hiccupthehic: Thanks! You won't have to wait too long because here it is!

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: No Words

"Hiccup!"

The shout and pounding sounds of Astrid's running feet down the stairs startled the young Chief from his short and unintentional nap. "Wha-?" As the thin film of sleep lifted, he realized who had called for him and, by that time, she had almost made it to his chair. Jumping from his seat (and startling the already-awakened-and-confused Toothless), he met with his wife before she could reach the chair. "Astrid! Are you okay?" His next question was silent, but he could see in her eyes that she knew he was asking it. Is the baby okay?

"I'm fine, Hiccup," she answered, repeating her words from earlier. Taking his hand, she placed it on her small stomach.

Immediately he felt the fluttering movement of his growing son or daughter. "Whoa!" he breathed out, amazed.

Both Hiccup and Astrid had grown up with no younger siblings, just like most of their friends. This feeling, the feeling of their baby moving inside Astrid was new to them both. It was truly amazing. Their earlier argument was briefly forgotten. Neither Hiccup nor Astrid had the words to describe what they were feeling. It was truly a miracle.

"Hiccup, Iâ€¦" Astrid began but was quickly cut off by her husband.

"No," he spoke sharply, the hurt from their recent argument still fresh. "I know what you're going to say, , but a simple 'I love you' or 'I'm sorry' won't cut it this time, Astrid."

"And why not?" Astrid asked and Hiccup could hear anger beginning to creep into her words. "Aren't those the words I'm supposed to say after an argument?"

"Words are easy to sugarcoat and manipulate," Hiccup justified. "It's too simple to confess that you didn't mean to say or do something hurtful. Yet, what is there, then, to stop you from doing it again?"

Hiccup knew that Astrid was not impressed with his answer. He could see the anger written right on her red, irritated face.

"Oh? Is that so?"

"Indeed, it is so. Simply saying to me 'I love you, Hiccup. Please forgive me.' is not what I want. Those are not the words I want to hear. It's not that I don't want to hear the great Astrid Hofferson Haddock say them. It's just, as I said, this has happened before where we argue, but each time we apologize with our kind words and move on until the next time we butt heads. I don't want to live that way and wordsâ€¦our pleas for forgiveness just feel like empty promises to me. So, I wondered, what would you say, then, if I took those words away? What would happen then when you couldn't make things new just by saying to me 'I love you'. Do you understand now, Astrid?"

The whole time he had spoken, Hiccup's voice had been flat, devoid of

all emotion. Astrid had rarely ever heard Hiccup speak that way. He was definitely serious about this. Still, she was infuriated. "If I can't say it, then how am I supposed to apologize then?" she yelled out to him. The words had come out louder and harsher than she'd intended.

In response, Hiccup merely shrugged. "You're smart, Astrid. Figure out a way. Now I need to get back to my chiefly duties." Without a word, he exited the house leaving Astrid to ponder over all she had just heard.

* * *

><p>I know again what you're all going to say. You waited a week for this short chapter. Yeahâ€|but it's longer than the handwritten draft I'd created. I added a whole new section. Chapter three might be a little longerâ€|hopefully.

Posted: September 16, 2014

3. Conversations

This chapter is the last one that I have readily written up, but if this story continues to be so well received, I might return to handwriting it to get some new chapters posted. (Also, I apologize if these ANs don't make any sense today. I woke up feeling not so goodâ€|mainly just dizzy and overly tired, hopefully it's nothing major.)

Forgot to mention. This story features an alternate timeline. The second movie never happened.

Review Reply (only one this time):

faisyah865: Indeed! How will the great Astrid Hofferson Haddock get out of this? We shall see! ...but not yet, because that's no fun. Haha.

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: Conversations

"â€|and then he just walks out of the house!" Astrid finished, exasperated. She had been animatedly telling her friends about her day. They were hanging out at the academy where Fishlegs was taking a break from teaching. When Hiccup had been appointed Chief, he had passed all teaching responsibilities to the Keeper of the Book of Dragons. Before she had been deemed to be "with child", Astrid had helped out at the academy every so often. Nowadays, she was lucky if Hiccup even let her out of the house. She had figured that Hiccup would be the overprotective type but this was more than she'd ever expected. "I mean, I know this is Hiccup we're talking about here, butâ€|"

The others did not know what to say in reply to all of this, so they just quietly listened. Finally, Tuffnut broke the silence. "Soâ€|why are you asking us? You know Hiccup better than any of usâ€|right?"

This response earned the male twin a nasty glare from the already-upset Astrid. As frustrated as she was, though, Astrid held back the urge to send a swift punch to Tuffnut's face. "It's just so frustrating," she replied instead, ending the conversation. "Although, something good did happen today," she continued, changing the subject and softening at this thought. "The baby started moving this morning."

This got the attention of Astrid's gathered friends. They all crowded around Astrid and took turns feeling the miracle of new life. Though this grated Astrid's nerves a bit, she endured it, knowing that most of her friends weren't even close to this stage in their lives yet.

After this, the former gang (minus Hiccup) began to disperse. Astrid hadn't expected answers but at least it had felt good to rant a bit.

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"I just don't know what to do! She can be so stubborn sometimes! What have I gotten myself into, Dad?"

On the other side of Berk, Chief Hiccup sat in his privileged seat in the Great Hall. After leaving Astrid at their house, Hiccup had come straight here in an attempt to clear his mind and (hopefully!) relieve the stress headache that was threatening to tear open his skull. Shortly after taking a seat upon the special Chief's chair in the Great Hall, Hiccup's father had stopped by to ask how things were going.

"Yes, the next several months of your life are going to be rough, Son, but someday it'll all be worth it."

"How can you be so sure?" Hiccup asked, his frustration and stress clearly evident in his voice. "What if my child develops a personality like Astrid's? I don't think I could handle double of that every single day."

"How do I know? Simple! Because these very same questions ran through my mind when your mother was carrying you! And, look, you turned out okay! Odin, it was rough, but we all got through it in the end!"

"Gee, thanks for the encouragement, Dad."

Stoick failed to notice the sarcasm. "Anytime, Hiccup. Well, I'll let you get back to your work. I'm sure it's keeping you busy!"

When the door to the Great Hall had loudly slammed shut, Hiccup dropped his head to cradle it in his hands. "Oh manâ€¦!"

* * *

><p>Like last time, this is way short, I knowâ€¦|come to think of it, it even looked short in my handwritten copy. Oh well, I made it a little longer when I edited it.

**As I said before, this is the last handwritten chapter I have complete, so I may start typing up something new or I might finish

handwriting chapter four and post. Either way, the handwriting needs to finish before it'll end up on here. That is all.**

Posted: September 19, 2014

4. Free

Since I'm handwriting this story, it's going to be mainly on hiatus (as my time is limited right now). However, because this story is very popular, I have decided to write up a new chapter for you, my readers. I hope that you enjoy this new chapter!

Review Replies:

**the stargate time traveller**: In this story, I've played with the universe a bit. So, we have Stoick and no Valka.
**

**faisyah865**: Your review actually gave me an idea. Stay tuned!**

**Nagareboshi Star**: The conflict will be more fleshed out as we go along, yeah! I just wanted the story to jump right into the action.**

**Guest (anonymous)**: I probably will continue to develop Hiccup's character throughout this story. Can't say for certainâ€¦I'm kinda making this up as I go alongâ€¦sort of.**

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<p>Chapter 4: Free

Flying with Toothless had always been one of Hiccup's most favorite pastimes. Since becoming Chief, Hiccup found increasingly less time to just relax high above Berk on the back of his best friend. Even when he could spare some time, it was only enough for a quick lap around the island. Today, though, Hiccup made time. Postponing anything of importance, he left the Great Hall in search of his dragon.

When he found Toothless, Hiccup simply whispered to the Night Fury, "To the forge." In preparation to officially ground Astrid from flying until after she'd had their baby, Hiccup had moved all his flight gear to his small (and former) workroom at Gobber's forge. Someday, he would have to think of a better execution for this plan. Astrid knew that Hiccup had ended his work as a blacksmith when he'd become Chief. Naturally curious, she would definitely be suspicious if she were to see Hiccup and Toothless sneaking around in there.

Though Hiccup knew he didn't have to keep his flights with Toothless a secret anymore, he did it for Astrid. He knew how jealous she would be if she were to see him flying after having grounded her. If the roles were reversed, he definitely would be. Hiccup did miss flying with Astrid, though. The four of them, two humans and two dragons, always had a fun time racing and then just taking it slow. Even after Astrid has the baby, it probably wouldn't be the two of them flying together. One of them would always have to stay and look after the

babyâ€|unless Hiccup's or Astrid's parents didn't mind watching their grandchild for a bit.

Finished attaching all of Toothless's gear, Hiccup shed his chief attire and opted for his riding vest. As he'd grown, he'd adapted the vest, making a larger one and equipping it with useful supplies. Ready to go, he hopped aboard his dragon and clicked his prosthetic foot into place. "You know what to do, Bud!" he told his friend with a pat to the Night Fury's scaly black neck.

Bracing himself, Hiccup was ready when Toothless shot up into the sky with unrivaled speed. Up in the air, the wind rushed through Hiccup's hair. With a sly glance behind him, Hiccup saw that no one was following him. Relaxing, he let the cold wind take away all the stress from the day. He finally felt free.

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Astrid sat at home and waited for Hiccup to return from his day.
**Is this how it's going to be from now on?* she wondered.
**Hiccup's always so busy with everything. Is it just going to be me and the baby stuck at home all day every day?* Though Astrid knew that she would have the baby, she was not yet ready to just give up her shieldmaiden lifestyle.

As Astrid kept to her thoughts, the baby continued to move inside her, a constant reminder of its very real existence. Ever since the first light flutter of movement, the baby had become quite active. How weird it is! To feel another life present within her own body!

Until the baby, Astrid had only to look after herself. Well, that wasn't entirely true. Astrid had to look after Hiccup too. Why was he so disaster-prone?

Still, if any harm came upon herself, the baby would suffer too. Couple that with the baby being born the heir to Berk's chieftom and Astrid was feeling the nervousness. Astrid Hofferson Haddock did _not_ get nervous. Ever. So why was it happening? Because of the baby again? She hated feeling like this!

The sound of the door opening and closing startled Astrid from her thoughts. Jumping up (as best she could), Astrid spoke before turning around. "Sure took you long enough, Hiccup! Where have youâ€|?" She stopped speaking when she saw the person who had entered the house. That person was not Hiccup.

* * *

><p>I knowâ€|you waited months and all I can give you is this short chapter. I'm sorry! The chapters always look so much longer on paper. Hope it was enjoyable.

Thank you all for reading and supporting More Than Words.

Posted: November 27, 2014

Happy Thanksgiving from the US East Coast!

5. A Cousin's Advice

****Soâ€|originally, I was handwriting this story, but I seem to have lost the papers I was using. Good news is that could mean quicker updates and longer chapters because I'm just going to write the story right on my laptop and bypass the handwriting process. I'd already typed all the handwritten chapters anyway. ****

****Review Replies:****

Nagreboshi Star****:** I'm not going to give up on this one, I promise! It might be slow going at times as I have to listen to the song from which I got this idea and piece together the plot events that I want in the story, but other than that, I will keep writing.**

Dragonbow117****:** Haha. Well, it wasn't supposed to be predictable! Where's the fun in that?**

Noctus Fury (anonymous)****:** We'll find out who this mysterious not-Hiccup person is soon.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: A Cousin's Advice

Hiccup sighed contently; up here on the back of Toothless, it was as if all his earthly stress had simply evaporated into the thin air around him. Gods, he'd needed this flight. He had not known how badly he'd needed this flight until now. Sure he felt bad for going behind Astrid's back and doing the very thing he'd told her not to, but if he didn't fly Toothless, then who would? Who could fly Toothless? The mechanics for Toothless's tailfin fit only to his prosthetic.

Looking below, Hiccup spotted a nearby island, one that he had not yet added to the map he had started several years back. How had he missed this one? With ease, he pulled his sketchbook out of his flight suit. "Toothless, let's land on that island. I want to add it to the map and then we can explore it and see what dragon species live there."

Once they had landed, Hiccup kneeled down upon the ground and spread out his map. It had grown quite impressive, but had not been updated since Hiccup had become Chief; he'd had so little time to devote to exploration. Just as he had always done, Hiccup (with Toothless's help) attached a new page to the map and drew the island as he had portrayed it from the sky. Satisfied, he folded the map back up and slipped the sketchbook back into his flight suit.

Hiccup stood up, ready to explore the new island when he heard a rustling in the nearby bushes. Instinctively, he slipped Inferno from his side pouch, ready to ignite it if needed. A dragon slipped through the bushes and Hiccup relaxed slightly. **_**Just a Monstrous Nightmare. I'll make a note toâ€|wait just a minute.**_** Looking closely, Hiccup recognized this dragon and, more specifically, the seat atop its back. "Hookfang! Snotlout! What are you doing here?"

"Looking for you! Why else would we be out here?"

"Why, exactly, are you looking for me?"

Snotlout did not directly answer Hiccup's question. "Don't think we haven't heard from Astrid all about you grounding her from flying. So, why are you going behind her back to do the very thing you told her not to do? That doesn't sound fair."

"Because Toothless can't fly without me! I had toâ€|"

"I already know that, Hiccup, but why did you go behind Astrid's back to fly Toothless?"

When did Snotlout become more intelligent?*** "Becauseâ€|I didn't want her to feel bad," he answered in a whisper.

"Well, you're right. She would definitely feel bad to know that the very person who grounded her from flying was caught doing the very thing he told her not to do," Snotlout confirmed. "But, don't you think that she would feel worse if she were to learn that you're being hypocritical while sneaking behind her back to do it?"

Hiccup almost called Snotlout out for using "big words" but thought better of it. "I can't believe I'm saying this, butâ€|you're right, Snotlout. I don't want to think what she would do to me if she learned," he shuttered at the mere thought. "You're not going to tell her about thisâ€|are you?"

Snotlout shrugged. "It's not really my place to do so. However, I still don't think it's rightâ€|what you're doing right now. You really should head back to Berk before she does find out about this."

"I will," Hiccup assured his cousin, "but I'm going to wait until nightfall. It's easy to fly away from Berk unseen. It's a lot harder to arrive to Berk in that way, especially when you're the Chief."

"Okay, fine. I'll see you back there." Having said all that he'd wanted to say, Snotlout climbed back into his chair on Hookfang's back and Hiccup watched as they took to the skies.

Hopefully Astrid won't know about this. I really need to find a better way to fix this flying situationâ€|***

* * *

><p>Yepâ€|I hate how this ending turned outâ€|but that's nothing new for me. Next chapter, we'll check back in with Astrid. I just figured I'd leave you hanging just a little longer.
Haha.

****Thank you all for reading and supporting More Than Words.****

****Posted: January 31, 2015****

****Soâ€|who is that person who has crept upon Astrid? Ready to find out?***

****Review Replies:****

Noctus Fury (anonymous)****:** Snotlout is NOT the person. That last chapter and this current chapter are happening at the same time. Nice try, though. ******

Insane Wise-man****:** No, Astrid would not cheat on Hiccupâ€|if that's what you were asking.******

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: The Comfort of a Friend

"Iâ€|I'm sorry," Astrid apologized. "I thought you were Hiccup. You definitely are not him."

"Yeah, I noticed. It's okay, though. I'm sure Hiccup would've been more likely to enter than me."

Astrid motioned for her guest to come over and sit with her on the couch. "Soâ€|why exactly are you here, Ruffnut?"

The other female Viking from their age group took a seat beside Astrid. "Well, I've noticed that you seem a bitâ€|off today. So, I stopped by to see if you wanted to talk about it."

"I'm fine!" Astrid objected instantly. "It's justâ€|overwhelmingâ€|all of this, you know. Well, I guess you don't really know, butâ€| I dunno." She was fumbling over words, something that did not happen very much. **_**Hopefully, Ruffnut does not catch on. She didn't notice me stumbling over my words, right?*_**

"You don't really think I believe that, Astrid, do you? Come on, we've grown up together. I practically know you as well as you know yourself! You are Astrid Hofferson Haddock and you do not stumble over words. Now, talk to me. Maybe I can help. I meanâ€|there's also a chance that I can't, butâ€|I'll try."

"I don't want to talk about it," Astrid mumbled, turning away from her friend. How could she tell Ruffnut what Hiccup had saidâ€|"his words to which she still could not figure out the meaning?"

Astrid heard Ruffnut stand. "Well, if that's how you really feel, then I'll just leaveâ€|"

She knows me too well,**** Astrid cursed to herself. "Wait, stay! I'llâ€|I'll tell you. We can talk about it." Astrid watched as Ruffnut smirked and sat back down beside Astrid. **_**She knew I would say that. Some friend she is!**_** Astrid scoffed to herself. "Okay, soâ€|here's what happenedâ€|"

Astrid began to enlighten Ruffnut about the argument with Hiccup and what he had said to end the discussion that night. It surprised her how easily she could speak the story once she started to tell it. When she arrived to the end of the story, the events of present day, Astrid stopped and waited for Ruffnut to continue the conversation.

**Some advice would be nice right about now! Sure it's a lot to take in, but does she really have to remain silent for this long? Gods, say something!**

"That's a tough oneâ€¦isn't it?"

"Really?" Astrid deadpanned. "That's all you have to say? Aren't you supposed to be helping me out here? What am I supposed to do? What does Hiccup want me to do?"

"I can't really speak for Hiccupâ€¦andâ€¦I really have no idea what he's thinkingâ€¦" Ruffnut began.

"This was so helpful," Astrid continued in a deadpan. She was beyond frustrated and if Ruffnut couldn't help out, then the other girl could leave. "You can leave now."

"Wait! I might not know what Hiccup means, but that doesn't mean that I can't offer you some adviceâ€¦you know, things you could do that might patch up this argument between you two."

"Advice? What kind of advice? What should I do?" Astrid felt weird asking for advice. Usually, she could handle anything and everything on her own. Maybe Hiccup had been right. Maybe she should take it easy until the baby enters the worldâ€¦maybe even after as well. That was beside the point, though. Right now, she just wanted to know how to fix whatever had happened between her and Hiccup.

"Uhâ€¦well, you shouldâ€¦" Ruffnut began. "You know whatâ€¦I'll think about it and tell you tomorrow, okay?"

Astrid sighed. She should've known that this would be the type of answer she would get. Ruffnut never did like to be "put on the spot" when coming up with answers to questions. "Fine. Just stop by tomorrow. Don't even bother knocking. Hiccup won't be here anyway; he'll be out doing his chief work. Just come right in tomorrow and tell me what you came up with, okay?"

Ruffnut agreed and left Astrid to her thoughts. _**Guess I just have to keep thinking about it. Seriously, though, what does Hiccup mean? How do I apologize without saying the words?**_

* * *

><p>I know this is super short, but when I added the next segment, it was getting too long. I can't win. Speaking of, I found my written copy of this story! I ripped it up and threw it away because I'm done handwriting. As I said, I'm just going to type the story right up on the laptop.

Soâ€¦I had this story on my "to delete" list because I felt as though I was never going to make it through the writer's block or figure out (once again) my purpose for writing this story. I did delete it for a few weeks, but then I heard the song "More Than Words" on the radio and it jumpstarted my interest once again. I restored the story (which is why you may want to check your favs/follows again because those didn't restore) and here we are. I have a game plan, my interest is renewed and here's the update!

****Thank you all for reading and supporting More Than Words!****

****Posted: May 21, 2015****

7. Returning Home

****Greetings, readers! Next chapter of MTW is here. Enjoy!****

****Review Replies:****

Noctus Fury (anonymous)****:** I think that, even as chief, Hiccup wouldn't necessarily expect Astrid to always obey him. He knows her nature and that would just go against it. Here's the next chapter.**

Insane Wise-man****:** It's okay. I don't expect my readers to leave reviews, but it does make me happy when they do. I'll update the story now. (I know that wasn't much of an answer, butâ€|**

* * *

<p>Chapter 7: Returning Home

The sky was darkening when Hiccup boarded Toothless to return to Berk. Snotlout had left hours ago and Hiccup had promised his cousin again one last time that he would make good on his word to return home as soon as it grew dark.

Hiccup and Toothless circled the skies a few times, as they waited for the world to just darken a little more before touching down outside Gobber's shop, where their adventure had begun hours ago. As quietly as possible, Hiccup removed Toothless's saddle and other gear and returned it all to its place in his small workshop. With expertise, there was only a brief pause while Hiccup hung everything back up and then he and Toothless silently walked through the quiet village.

It's almost amazing. Berk is always bustling and busy during the day, but come nightfall and everyone heads home so quickly. Passing the houses, Hiccup could see the dancing light of candles in the windows. Everything looked so peaceful. Would it be just as peaceful at his house?

"Don't worry, Bud," Hiccup whispered to Toothless. "I'll see what I can do about flying with you. I know that Astrid doesn't like it, butâ€|" Yes, he'd figure it out later. **_**Speaking of figuring out, I wonder if Astrid figured out what I meant earlier. She is smart and I know that she will understand it if she just takes time to think about it. The question isâ€|has she taken the time to truly think about it yet?**_**

As he let his thoughts run, Hiccup walked through the town and made it to the steps leading up the hill to his home. Before beginning the long trek (and it always felt longer with the lingering pain in his prosthetic), Hiccup just stood outside to admire the home in which he had grown up, the house sitting proudly to oversee the village. The windows were mostly dark. Astrid couldn't have been out in the village, but, also, she usually would wait to sleep until he arrived

home. Well, she would try to wait, that is. Sometimes Hiccup knew it was harder for her to wait when he was out late into the evening finishing up his chiefly duties.

"Come on, Toothless. Let's go on inside."

Even after years of wearing the prosthetic (and after several updated designs), Hiccup still found it hard to make it up the steps and had to stop briefly a few times. None of the improvements Hiccup ever made to his prosthetic seemed to fix this problem, but at least Toothless was patient and waited silently for Hiccup to stop and grimace from the pain, rub the area a bit to ease the hurt, and then continue on up the steps.

Making it to the front door, Hiccup stopped before opening it. He slowly exchanged glances with Toothless (or, at least, in the vague area where he guessed Toothless to be as the dragon was now completely concealed by the night). The young chief knew not what lie behind the door, what to expect, but he would face it head-on because, really, what other choice did he have? He loved Astrid—even if their two headstrong natures clashed way more often than he'd like to admit.

Quietly, Hiccup opened the door, stopping only slightly when it creaked (just as it always had). The ground floor of the house was dark and silent. It worried Hiccup a little. The house was never this quiet. Where was Astrid?

A faint light danced across the ceiling, commanding Hiccup's eyes to drift up the stairs toward his childhood bedroom. Maybe Astrid was trying to work on sewing clothing for the baby. Hiccup remembered that his wife had told him that her sewing skills (like her cooking abilities) were lacking. Hearing that, he had guessed that Astrid's mother would step up to create the baby's clothing, but, knowing that Astrid was headstrong and tough, maybe his wife had decided to teach herself how to sew.

Slowly, Hiccup made his way up the stairs, pausing once slightly partway up the stairs to ease the pain that had crept back into the skin surrounding his prosthetic. He was definitely not looking forward to taking it off tonight and seeing the reddened area again. It would not be a pretty sight. Hopefully, Astrid would not see when he did take off the prosthetic. It always pained Hiccup when Astrid took a good long look at the area where his flesh leg ended. Hiccup never missed Astrid's glances of concern and regret, as if she blamed herself for the fate that had befallen him, the cruel predicament sent by the Gods that had forced him to lose his left leg in battle. Not that Hiccup blamed Astrid at all. No one was at fault for what had happened and Hiccup had gotten over the shock and sadness long ago. By now, he had forgotten how it felt to touch two feet upon the floor. It just wasn't natural for him anymore and he'd accepted that.

Finishing his trek up the stairs, Hiccup took a deep breath to prepare for whatever scene he would see. As it turned out, the scene before him was peaceful. On the desk, a candle burned itself out, throwing dancing shadows across the walls and ceiling and creating the light that had originally caught Hiccup's attention. His eyes drifted over to the bed where Astrid lay on her side, eyes closed. Hiccup smiled at the peaceful expression upon her face. _**She

must've tried to stay up and wait for me to return home.**_ He did feel slightly guilty about staying out away from home so long, but how was it different than many days when he actually was out late finishing up his daily chiefly duties?

**I guess we'll just have to talk tomorrowâ€|hopefully**, Hiccup decided. As quietly as he could, Hiccup walked over to Astrid and kneeled down so that his face was level with hers. Softly pushing her bangs from her forehead, he ran his thumb across her soft skin before placing a quick kiss upon her forehead. In response, Astrid smiled in her sleep and shifted slightly but she did not wake.

Keeping quiet, Hiccup stood up and walked over to the other side of the bed. Softly, he sat down and removed his prosthetic, laying it gently down. Glancing over at the still-burning candle, Hiccup judged the distance and if he could safely blow it out without disturbing Astrid's sleep. _**I'll give it a try,**_ Hiccup decided. _**What's the worst that'll happen? Astrid will wake up and punch me for disturbing her sleep? That's not too bad, I guess. Could be worse.**_

Carefully, Hiccup maneuvered around Astrid and blew out the candle, leaving the bedroom in total darkness. Just as carefully, Hiccup shifted back to his side of the bed and lay down to make himself comfortable. "Goodnight, Astrid. Sleep well," he whispered as he closed his eyes, resisting the urge to cuddle up to his sleeping wife.

* * *

><p>I think this might be the longest chapter that I've written for this story so far. Told you that would happen if I stopped pre-writing the chapters down on paper before typing them. Not much else to say, so I guess I'll finish off the chapter now.

Thanks for reading and supporting More Than Words!

Posted: July 23, 2015

8. Ruffnut's List of (Not So) Helpful Ideas

Been awhileâ€|hi, everyone! I have not forgotten about MTW. In fact, since I planned out the story, I feel more confident about trucking through to the end of this storyâ€|which is still a ways off, butâ€|yay, motivation!

Review Repy:

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)**** : Like father like son, huh? Haha.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: Ruffnut's List of (Not So) Helpful Ideas

Astrid woke up and found that Hiccup had returned sometime after she had fallen asleep. She had woken up early today; lately, Hiccup would

be off attending to chief matters by the time Astrid would wake up. It was not usually like that and Astrid attributed the sleeping habit change to be related to her growing baby.

Today, Astrid had promised that she would meet with Ruffnut and listen to the other girl's advice. However, she was in no rush. Everything was so calm and peaceful; Astrid was not ready to disturb the tranquility. Ever since Hiccup was thrust into role as chieftain, Astrid barely ever got the chance to see him relax anymore; he was always running off to somewhere. Whether it was settling disputes or leading meetings or simply planning the daily operations of the village, Hiccup was always doing something.

Now, though, as he slept, Astrid could see the content smile upon his face. For once he was relaxed and at peace. Knowing that brought a smile to Astrid's own face. It was impossible to stay angry with her husband. Frustrated, yes, but not angry. Astrid loved Hiccup and that love never failed to dissipate any anger she could ever feel towards him.

Carefully, Astrid stood up from the bed. Looking back, she checked to make sure that she had not woken Hiccup. Luckily, he had not stirred. `**Good. He deserves a decent rest for once. One without disruption.**` Silently, Astrid dressed for the day and walked down the stairs for a quick breakfast. She did not really want to eat right now, but knew that she needed to for the baby. Besides, she knew that Ruffnut would not be stopping by this early; she was definitely not a morning Viking. `**Hopefully, I can keep the food down this time. It's getting better, butâ€|the last thing I need is for Hiccup to hear and wake up. **`

Astrid made a simple breakfast mix of ground oats, flavored slightly with mild herbs. Breakfast was usually the hardest meal to eat, so Astrid kept the flavorings a little on the bland-side. The healer dubbed this issue "morning sickness" because it was supposedly worse in the mornings, but it didn't just occur in the morning. For a while, Astrid had felt like it was pointless to eat because none of the food stayed in her.

Astrid ate her breakfast slowly, attempting to savor the meek flavoring of her ground oats. She hoped that eating slowly would help to keep the food down. So far, it seemed to be working. Though she did feel a little queasy at times, there was no immediate threat to indicate a need to empty her stomach.

She was just finishing up her breakfast when Hiccup walked down the stairs. Astrid could tell that Hiccup noticed her presence when his eyes flickered over to hers for just an instant. He did not speak though (not even a "Good morning, Milady. Sleep well?") before heading outside to attend to whatever tasks he had planned for today. Sighing, Astrid watched her husband leave and continued to stare at the closed door. `**He's stillâ€| We need to fix this.**` Now more determined than ever Astrid finished washing her dish and utensils while waiting for Ruffnut. Astrid was just contemplating what she should do while waiting when Ruffnut creeped in through the front door.

Looking around and catching sight of Astrid, Ruffnut whispered, "Hiccup's not here, is he?" as if she was on some top-secret covert mission.

"Relax, Ruff, Hiccup left already. I told you yesterday that he would be gone by the time you arrived."

Ruffnut eased up and walked over to the couch where Astrid was sitting. "So, I'm guessing you didn't figure out anything about what Hiccup meant," Ruffnut began. When Astrid shook her head, Ruffnut continued, "I thought about it last night and I came up with some possible solutions you can try."

"Well, your guess is as good as any. What are they?"

From one of her pockets, Ruffnut pulled out a list that she had obviously written last night and passed the paper to Astrid. Astrid skimmed over the list of ideas that Ruffnut presented. She reread the points several times before finally looking back up to Ruffnut who was obviously expecting feedback.

"You don't seriously think these 'suggestions' are going to work, do you?" Astrid asked, skeptical.

"Of course they will," Ruffnut replied, unfazed. "Try them!"

"No, seriously, Ruffnut. Baking? Pampering? Where did you get these ideas?"

Ruffnut shrugged. "I don't know. Isn't that what men like?"

Astrid facepalmed. _**Why did I ever think it was smart to ask the one female Viking on the entirety of Berk who has never had a boyfriend for advice on how to patch things up between me and Hiccup?*_ "Hiccup is a Viking, Ruffnut. He doesn't need pampering. Besides, have you seen me try to cook food?" Surely Ruffnut remembered the Yak Nog experiment from several years back.

"Hey," Ruffnut defended, throwing her hands up in surrender, "You said my guess was as good as any. All I did was give my guess."

"Wellâ€¦" Astrid began but stopped. Those had been her words. "You're right. I did say that andâ€¦I guess I could try some of the points from your list. I justâ€¦wish I knew what it is that Hiccup actually wants. This is like some twisted riddle that only he knows the answer to andâ€¦I hate not knowing that answer."

Astrid thanked her friend and Ruffnut stayed for a little while longer. After these last few days, Astrid was grateful for the company; she missed having someone that she could talk with and with whom she could share her thoughts.

On the hand-crafted wooden table in front of them, lay Ruffnut's list of suggestions and Astrid felt her eyes drift often to the discarded paper. Could any of those silly ideas actually be the one that Hiccup had in mind? Would any of those suggestions mend the broken bond between Astrid and her stubborn husband?

Even after Ruffnut left a few hours later, Astrid was still wondering. When Hiccup arrived home much later, Astrid still felt no closer to an answer than yesterday when she'd initially asked for Ruffnut's opinion. Somethings would never change. Astrid still hated

that she did not have all the answers.

* * *

><p>I just don't know why I suck so much at coming up with endings for chapters. Maybe I'm just frustrated. My laptop's been having issues againâ€| Might have to get it serviced or something. Hope not, but it is my preferred of the two that I own. Hope you liked the chapter anyway.

****Thank you all for reading and supporting More Than Words!****

****Posted: December 1, 2015****

9. On The Mend

****Soâ€|this chapter, I think some have been waiting for this to happen. For those questioning what I'm talking about, you'll know when you read. This isn't the end of this story, though. It's merely just a step closer. Hope that everyone enjoys the chapter!****

****Review Replies:****

Maddy (anonymous)****:** Yeah, I posted last time because I had a break off from school for Thanksgiving. Now that it's winter break (and it's a week and a half long this time), I might be able to get some extra updates in before the first week of January. It's not a pain to ask for longer chapters! I'm trying to lengthen them and it's been easier since I stopped handwriting the story, but I'll keep working at it.**

Angel-the-hedge****:** Thanks! I hope Astrid figures it out too. It's so hard to write about these two fighting because they are just so awesome together!**

Noctus Fury (anonymous)****:** Hahaâ€|yeah, asking Ruffnut was definitely a bad idea.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: On The Mend

It had been a long day. That was for sure. Hiccup had woken up at his usual time (although, it had felt later because he was not used to waking up after Astrid). When he had come downstairs that morning and seen Astrid in the kitchen, he'd had to bite his tongue to stop from wishing her a good morning like he usually did. As he'd turned to leave the house, the hurt expression upon Astrid's face had not gone unnoticed. In fact, that expression remained burned into Hiccup's brain for several hours. It had seemed as though that look from Astrid flashed every time Hiccup closed his eyes. **_**This is harder than I ever expected,**_** Hiccup realized, feeling guilty for being the reason why Astrid had expressed such a deep feeling of hurt and sadness.

Hiccup desperately wanted forgive Astrid, to break and tell her that everything was fine and put all of this behind them. He missed the

comforting air between them and he missed talking with her. Hiccup just missed being with Astrid.

Though Hiccup knew better than to let his personal home life get in the way of his chiefly tasks, he had to admit that today he definitely had not done his best work. Walking home that evening, Hiccup reflected back on the day and grimaced on some of his poor choices. Luckily, his people understood. All chiefs had bad days and Hiccup had done well for the most part up until this day. Still, he needed to do something about this tension with Astrid. `__**It doesn't have to be resolved yet,**_` Hiccup decided. `__**I just need to make sure that it doesn't occupy my thoughts and distract me from running Berk**_`.

When Hiccup arrived home, Astrid was seated on the couch in the main sitting room. A fire crackled in the pit in front of her and she stared unseeingly at the flames that danced and reflected in her crystal-blue eyes. Hiccup quietly shut the door, but Astrid didn't move. She simply continued to blink and stare in the direction of the fire. Remaining in the doorway for another minute, Hiccup waited to see if she would take notice of his entrance.

Determining that Astrid was not going to take notice, Hiccup walked over to the couch. His prosthetic leg added sound to his step, but Astrid still did not move. Taking a seat beside Astrid, Hiccup again waited for her to acknowledge his presence. When she did not, Hiccup grew worried. Gently touching her shoulder, he softly asked, "Astrid?"

Astrid blinked and turned to face Hiccup. Still she said nothing, keeping her silence. `__**What's going on? **_`he wondered. `__**Astrid is never silent like this.**_` Somehow, Hiccup could just tell that he was involved in this; he just didn't know how he was involved.

"Oh, are you speaking to me again?" Astrid asked suddenly, but her tone had bite to it. She sounded upset.

`__**I knew this was going to be hard, but I didn't know it would be this hard.**_` Sighing, Hiccup answered, "Look, Astrid. I need to confess that my actionsâ€¦ignoring you this morning was not the way to go about this at all."

Astrid raised an eyebrow and Hiccup could see her thoughts reflected in her eyes. `__**You think?**_`

Hiccup looked down, regretful about the wedge that had been driven in their relationship. "I just wish that you would understand me, see where I'm coming from, Astrid." He looked into Astrid's eyes and saw that she was still angry. "When I heard that you had decided to take that ride on Stormfly the other dayâ€¦well, I was scared," Hiccup explained to her, his genuine sadness catching Astrid's attention. "I know that you're an excellent rider, the only one who could ever rival me, but I was still nervous for the baby. If you could be in my position, you'd understand. I want to protect the baby, butâ€¦I can't do anything. That's all up to you, Astrid. So, while I know you have no problems riding on Stormfly, all I could think about what would happen if something had occurred that you had no control over, such as the snow storms that we sometimes get here with little warning beforehand orâ€¦well, just any other number of reasons."

Chancing a glance at Astrid, Hiccup saw her eyes soften, if only slightly. "If anything happened to you or the baby—or both, Astrid, you'd have to understand that I'd blame myself for not preventing it. Maybe I was being overprotective, but—"

"Hiccup," Astrid whispered, catching his attention. "I understand your concern," she continued finally, still in a soft voice. Her gaze shifted to the floor boards. "I may not like it sometimes, but I understand it. I want this family as much as you do. It's just—I miss flying with Stormfly.

Hiccup could understand that feeling. If the roles had been reversed and Astrid had told Hiccup that she did not want him flying on Toothless because she was concerned for his safety, he would be upset too. There was just this miraculous feeling that came with soaring among the clouds on the back of a dragon. Hiccup felt it and he knew that Astrid did too. The adventurous feeling that made him feel invincible. He craved it.

"I know," Hiccup replied, understanding how much Astrid missed flying. "I would probably react the same way if I was in your position, but—Astrid, I'm not and—" he trailed off, not knowing what to say. It had been many years since Hiccup had felt uncomfortable talking with Astrid. Even after their occasional fights, they would forgive each other and everything would return to normal, but this time it felt different and Hiccup could guess why. Their very lives were changing, each and every day. _**Even after the baby makes its appearance in this world, everything will be different.**_ Even then, who knew how often Astrid would be able to fly and how often they'd be able to continue their adventures together. Sure Hiccup and Astrid could ask her parents or his father to watch the baby, but Hiccup did not want to burden them. Besides, he had grown up without his mother and did not want his children to grow up being raised mainly by their grandparents. "I just wish—" Hiccup continued, "That you could see this all from my perspective. Maybe then—it wouldn't have come to this—this fight."

Astrid looked back down at the floor. "Face it, Hiccup. This fight would've happened eventually."

**What can I do?* Hiccup wondered. I _**want to make everything right again, but—what if I offered Astrid a compromise? Would that help to mend the damage this fight has caused between us?*_ "How about a compromise?" Hiccup tried, seeing Astrid look toward him in curiosity. _**At least, if nothing else, I have her attention. **_"I know that you miss flying on Stormfly, so maybe—sometime when I'm not busy, we can fly together. Both of us on Stormfly. What do you think?"

Hiccup waited for Astrid to think about this idea. Finally, she agreed, stating that "would probably be okay." Instantly, Hiccup could feel a decrease in tension in the room. _**The compromise helped. Thank Gods. **_

"So, is that it?" Astrid asked, turning to face Hiccup. "Is everything back to how it was before that fight?"

Hiccup could see the unasked questions in Astrid's eyes as he remembered his words from a few days ago. He had told her how insignificant the words "I'm sorry" were and to find a way to prove

that she'd meant it. With a sigh, Hiccup shook his head. "No," he answered finally.

"No?" she asked and Hiccup could hear tension creep back into her voice.

"That's right. It's a little better. We've resolved the tension between us, but you haven't yet figured out what I meant. You can't just tell me that you're sorry. You have to show me that you mean it and I haven't seen it yet. This compromise just ensured that we would stop fighting and ignoring each other."

"Butâ€¦Hiccup," Astrid stammered, still clearly unhappy that she could not figure out what Hiccup meant and his constant refusal to give her any clues. "I have no idea what you even mean by that."

Hiccup smiled a small reassuring smile to his wife. "And I stand by what I said to you a couple days ago. You are smart, Astrid. You will figure it out and I will wait for that day."

* * *

><p>Wellâ€¦I tried to make it longer, butâ€¦it didn't really work out too well. Hope that everyone enjoyed the chapter anyway. At least their relationship is patched up. Now, Astrid just needs to figure out how to show Hiccup that she's sorry .

**I don't foresee this story being too much longer. It might (MIGHT!) hit 20 chapters, but I don't think it'll be much longer than that.
**

Thank you all for reading and supporting More Than Words.

Posted: December 31, 2015

10. Bake Him Something Special

**I think this is going to be an interesting chapterâ€¦especially since Hiccup and Astrid are at least back on friendly terms. Let's see now if she can figure out what Hiccup's little riddle means. Haha. **

Review Replies:

**Angel-the-hedge**: Thanks! I hope your New Year has been going well so far!**

**Noctus Fury (anonymous)**: Yes, he did make a good choiceâ€¦this time. I think she'll figure it out soon. As Hiccup said, she's smart.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: Bake Him Something Special

Astrid was up early again the next day. Last night, when Hiccup had come home from his chief tasks, he had sat down with Astrid and they

had mended the rift that had started to divide their relationship. Now that Hiccup was at least speaking with her again, Astrid was determined to figure out what he meant. "Show him that I'm sorry," Astrid repeated as she made her way downstairs quietly so as not to wake Hiccup. Gods knew that he needed all the sleep that he could get.

Making her way to the cooking area of the house, Astrid found the list the Ruffnut had written and looked over it again. As she scanned it again, Astrid found that her reaction was much the same as it had been yesterday. `_**None of these ideas seem like they'd be Hiccup's desired answer. Still, I guess it's worth a try. **_`

The first point on the list was to "bake him something special". `_**Seriously, Ruffnut? Baking? Has she forgotten that "Astrid" and "food preparation" do NOT go together? I meanâ€|that yak nog incident years ago should be enough evidence of that!**_`

Regardless, Astrid found herself in the cooking area early that morning. She had gathered some wheat, some spices and herbs, and some fresh water. I'll surprise Hiccup with some fresh bread. He'd like that before he leaves to tend to his daily duties.

Smiling, Astrid remembered back to some of her younger days. She would watch her mother prepare freshly baked bread for the family. Astrid could almost smell the perfect scent of freshly-cooked bread as it spread throughout the house. Anytime young Astrid would catch wind of that wonderful smell, she would always flock to her mother's side and beg to test the bread when it was finished. Now, Astrid was confident that she could successfully replicate her mother's amazing recipe.

Mixing the ingredients together in a bowl, Astrid added the ingredients by memory. When the ingredients were mixed, Astrid set the bowl aside to go start a fire. As the fire warmed the room, Astrid found an iron mold and poured the mixture in before setting it atop the rack above the fire. `_**If all works out, the bread should be ready by the time Hiccup wakes. **_`

As the scent of the breaking bread began to fill the lower level of the house, Astrid retreated to the sitting area to wait for the bread to cook. Taking a seat, Astrid tried to preoccupy herself with anything other than counting seconds until the bread was finished. Without really thinking about it, Astrid placed her hands on the small bump where she knew her and Hiccup's child was growing. She could feel the baby moving around excitedly within her. Ever since she had first felt the movement a few days ago, the baby had continued to move around more with each passing day. It was still a wonder and a joy for Astrid to feel this new life within her. "You're excited for this bread too, huh?" Astrid whispered, laughing at the movements. "It'll be ready soon," she spoke to the baby. It felt weird to talk with someone who could not respond back, but Astrid's mother had told her that it was a good thing to take time to make conversation with the growing baby. Astrid still didn't understand it, but her mother was always rightâ€|well, most of the time. "I can't wait either."

Hiccup was just waking up and walking down the stairs when Astrid

pulled the bread off the fire. He entered the kitchen and watched as Astrid sliced the loaf. "Something smells good," he began, starting the morning off with small talk.

"Fresh bread," Astrid informed him. "It's my mother's recipe. Want to try a piece?"

Astrid passed a piece to Hiccup and turned back to get him a glass of yak milk to go with it. She was just about to hand him the milk when she noticed him struggling to bite off a piece of the bread.

"Uhâ€|Astrid, this bread is hard as a rock." Hiccup laid down the piece of bread and took a drink of the glass from yak milk that Astrid had passed to him.

"That can't be right," Astrid commented back. "It was soft when I sliced it." She moved over to snatch up a slice from the plate on which the loaf sat. Taking a seat beside Hiccup at the table, Astrid gripped the bread and tried to pull it apart into smaller pieces. The task was impossible. As Hiccup had said, the bread was as hard as a rock. "I don't understand. It must've hardened as it cooled. It doesn't make any sense. I was certain that I followed my mother's recipe."

Standing up, Hiccup made his way toward the front door. "It smelled good too. Oh well, I'll just stop and grab some breakfast at the Great Hall before beginning my duties for today. Thanks anyway, Astrid."

Astrid watched as Hiccup left. Once he was gone, she took one last glance at the rock-hard loaf of bread before pulling Ruffnut's list from a pocket in her skirt. "As expected," she muttered to herself, "'bake him something special' was a failure." Picking up a nearby charcoal pencil, Astrid scratched off the first suggestion. "Okay, what's the next suggestion on Ruffnut's not-so-helpful list?" Astrid asked herself, looking down to read what Ruffnut had written under the baking suggestion.

Slowly reading the next suggestion, Astrid thought it over. "Well, I guess it couldn't hurt to try," she decided aloud. "It can't go any worse than the baking suggestion. This suggestion I may actually be able to complete. Only question isâ€|will this suggestion be the answer to Hiccup's mysterious riddle?"

* * *

><p>Well, this chapter is about forty words short of my target minimum, but it says all I wanted it to say. I want to save the next of Ruffnut's suggestions for the next chapter. Any ideas what suggestion two might be? Y'knowâ€|considering that the infamous "baking suggestion" was a complete failure.

**This chapter was actually pretty fun to write and I'm thinking the next chapter will be fun too. **

Thank you all for reading and supporting More Than Words!

Posted: April 11, 2016

End
file.